VOL. XII. No. 2.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

FOUNDED IN 1875.

Middlebury College, November, 1886.

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MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1886.

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows :

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LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, three books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the VIIth Chapter, or Allen's to the 24th Lesson.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books; Jones' Greek Composition, twenty lessons.

Ancient and Modern Geography, Greek and Roman History.

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Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

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The Cabinet and Museum contain a large number of specimens, and are designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes, are newly arranged in the new cabinet, and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains 16,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement. The books are conveniently arranged in the new library room and are open to the students from 12 to 2 o'clock every week day.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

Board at the Boarding Hall for $2.00 per week.

CALENDAR.

1886. Sept. 9.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.
Dec. 21.—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of two weeks.
1887. Jan. 6.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
March 22.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
March 22.—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
April 7.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 21—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 26.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday.
June 28.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni, and Prize Speaking, Tuesday.
June 29.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 8.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address

EZRA BRAINERD,

Middlebury, Vt

The Undergraduate.

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EDITORIALS.

HARVARD'S celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation is the most notable event of the kind that this country has seen. An institution that has reached such a great age has a venerableness and antiquity amidst our general modernness that the country is only too ready to recognize and celebrate. Being of the earliest date, Harvard is the most historical of our colleges. From its establishment it has progressed constantly, being to-day the foremost institution of learning in America. It has done the Cambridge of the old world no discredit in transferring the name to the new world. The name in America is gaining the prestige that it has had so long in England. But in this country it has a broader field of competition. Harvard has always had a superiority of standard and size. But already in the younger but greater West the University of Michigan is outstripping it in numbers. Yet to Harvard will always attach the glory of being the oldest representative of learning in this country.

IN the *Independent* of November 4th is an authoritative report regarding the experiment of free attendance at prayers at Harvard, by D. G. Lyon, Hollis Professor of Divinity. The opposition of the students to compulsory prayers and the persistent agitation of the question by the college papers at last gained the concession of free attendance from the college authorities. This innovation, notwithstanding the fears of of the conservative element of the college who considered required attendance at prayers at least a wholesome discipline, is believed to have had good results. Since its introduction the attendance has been kept up to nearly what it was before, the falling off being, according to Professor Lyon, more than compensated for by the reflection that those who attend, worship of their own free will and not perfunctorily. It seems, or is claimed, that the objection of students was not to attending prayers, but that they stood on the point of going on compulsion. In Sir John Fallstaff this was one of those refinements of points of honor to which his ready wit had recourse, and this stickling for optional attendance on a point of honor might be thought transparent. However the regular attendance has only dropped off from about 600 to 400, the services are made as attractive as possible, and it is hoped, according to the letter referred to above, that this attendance will be continued.

A COPY has been lately found in the library and brought to our notice of *The Philomathesian* for 1833–4, a monthly "conducted by a literary society in Middlebury college." This volume represents its whole existence. In the introduction to its first number, after referring to "the prevailing taste for liberal and extended reading" and its ambition to take a part in supplying this demand, in explanation of its appearance, it goes on to give something of a prospectus: "The work will consist of essays, occasional reviews and comments upon new publications, tales,

poetic contributions, and such dissertations upon scientific subjects as shall be deemed expedient. Exertions will be made, by introducing variety, to entertain and amuse the fancy, to instruct the understanding and furnish aliment for the thinking mind. . . . It were idle to expect that the variegated bouquet which we present to the public may not contain some unique specimens, perhaps many sprigs that shall savor of an incorrect, puerile or incompetent taste." It only survived a year; no wonder it came to an end when it gave such startling reasons for being, as the following from an article on college periodicals in a later number: "Obscurity is the bane of the student. It gnaws with a sickening dread upon the lively emotions of the intellect." Therefore a student must make himself known to fame through the medium of the press. "If he nod over such motives, stupidity has fastened her unyielding grasp upon him, or idiocy has consigned him to eternal forgetfulness." This is one of the sprigs referred to above that bloom so rankly as to quite carry out the editors' anticipations in their apologetic introduction. There is more turgid rhetoric, gymnastic fancy and hifalutin language in a page of this periodical than would be found in all the periodicals in the country to-day. All this "savours" partly "of an incorrect, puerile or incompetent taste," but for the most part represents the taste and literary style of the day. The language is high-flown, taking one off his feet, rising and rising clear out of sight until by a lapse into plain English we get sight of it again. The subjects of the contributions, too, are of a singular character. For instance, the first number contains the first of a story called "The Madman's Doom," whose title does not belie its gruesomeness. The poetry is gloomy as a rule, on such subjects as "The Dying Youth's Lament," "Consumption," "The Hypochondriac," "The Patricide," etc. If the book's extravagant rhetoric did not overleap itself so far as to miss its mark altogether, it would be calculated to make one's hair stand on end when one's heart was not melted with sublimest sentiments or overwhelmed with inconceivable tragedy.

Notwithstanding the way we have scored this book down we may draw on it hereafter, as extracts from it would have at least the interest of antiquity and quaintness.

THE fatalities attending foot-ball are giving the game an unfavorable notoriety. Three deaths among players so far this season have brought down a good deal of severe criticism upon the sport as dangerous and brutal. The last death resulting from the game was at Dickinson College. The New York *Tribune* recalls that this is the second from the same cause in the history of that institution. The first occurred about forty years ago in this way. One of the college athletes undertook to kick the ball, which was then a cow's bladder within a leathern bag, over the college cupola. With a tremendous effort and by a well-directed kick he sent the ball sailing over just touching the tip of the lightning rod. When those who witnessed the feat turned from following the ball with their eyes, the kicker lay dying on the ground. He had broken a blood-vessel. Such a death can hardly be referred to the brutality of the game. It might happen equally from over-exertion in other sports. Nevertheless the game was prohibited at Dickinson College for many years.

On the instance of the last, and with the text of the three recent deaths, the *World* cries down the game in an editorial headed "The Foot-ball Moloch." Referring to "the old-fashioned brutality of hazing" it says that "foot-ball is more fatal in its work than the worst form of old-time college pranks." This may be indisputable, but at least all accidents in sports are far less deplorable than the wilful injuries that hazing inflicts. They are a long way removed from reckless, if not malicious, personal attacks. At least foot-ball does not propose to itself brutalities. The question is whether in the development of the game mere strength has become too important an element, so that roughness and disregard of bones and lives has crept in. Has brute force become all-important? If it has the game might as well at once be put in the catalogue with the disgusting contests of the ring. But the game has not reached this low level. There is one feature of the game that does give mere strength and violence undue prominence. "Tackling" necessarily involves a good deal of rough handling. In this there is the greatest provocation in the heat of the game for men, instead of mere bodily struggling, to resort to fisticuffs and slugging. In this lies the danger to the game, that pugnaciousness and good prize-fighter's qualities should usurp the place of the more admirable ones of the athlete.

As to the deaths that have unhappily occurred in connection with the game, there is a fortune in this as in all athletics, and in everything. Whether the ab-

solute danger in this sport is greater than from the desperate exertion of boat-racing or the liabilities of the ball field, we doubt. Certainly to compare its fatalities to those of hazing is unjust. The spirit of athletics with all its risks has nothing in common with the spirit that wantonly imperils life

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IN a review in the Delta Kappa Epsilon quarterly for October, the last crop of college annuals is handled tenderly, yet critically. The review is in the humorous vein, a treatment which these publications are eminently capable of and indeed invite. Whoever the writer is, he knows the foibles of college boys, and his strictures fall lightly upon them transparently veiled in these pamphlets. The colleges of the country, from the University of California, with its *Blue and Gold*, to Bowdoin with its *Bugle* and Colby with its *Oracle*, have produced thirty odd of these *sui generis* publications the last year, floating upon a good-naturedly appreciative public an amount of light and bubbling literature that well represents the effervescence from the Junior's uncorked bottle of college life.

It is flattering to the editors of the Kaleidoscope and its friends that it receives so much and, on the whole, such favorable notice. While the reviewer does not give it the palm among all, a distinction which its editors would hardly pretend to, he puts it among the first for substantial merits. In the first place, the Kaleidoscope is the fourth named as a "substantial pamphlet." It is put, too, among "the jumbos of the series" and is noted as having a goodly number of illustrations of college buildings and in ex-President Hamlin's portrait the usual "college magnate." As to class types, the review excepts early the Kaleidoscope's Senior plate from the "too many with less of wit in the design than artistic skill in their execution." It quotes the Kaleidoscope first as an evidence of Pegasus having been "in general well-ridden." Its "radiant spirit, holding a mask before her face" is put among "the best of new designs introducing Greek society lists," and it is commended for having quickly done with its prostration, and showing less servility than its rivals to advertisers, in its short notice placed before its advertisements, "Patronize those who patronize us."

The general judgment on this revival of our college annual is favorable. Its editors have the pleasure of reflecting that they have given the college a good advertisement. The Freshmen's acquaintance with it show that it has been widely circulated. It is matter of great satisfaction and some pride to the editors that it does the college no discredit. There is only one drawback to all this, that the Kaleidoscope did not quite pay for itself. Five hundred copies were printed at a total cost of about $275. All but about thirty copies have been disposed of, many gratuitously. The return from these, at the low price of 50 cents, and from advertisements, the rates for which were low, have not quite reimbursed the class for its expenditure. The remaining copies would no doubt be sold in time, but it has been suggested that, considering the good advertisement the Kaleidoscope has proved, it would be, from a purely business point of view, a good investment for the college to buy up the remaining copies for judicious circulation as a good card to the public, besides saving the editors from being out of pocket through their enterprise, which, considering the profit generally realised on such publications, would seem to be a very modest return for their self-imposed and unselfish labors.

BY the courtesy of one of our exchanges, which we beg to acknowledge, the transcription by the New York *Evening Telegram* of October 20th of one of our editorials in the October issue, with the difference of only a few words and without credit, has been brought to our notice. This practice is of course contrary to conventional newspaper etiquette, which, however, as all matters of courtesy, has a firmer foundation of individual rights, and which, accordingly, can only be enjoyed by those who could on occasion enforce their rights. Supposably some scribe, not strictly honorable, took the opportunity of filling out his column with something creditable trusting that the insignificance of the paper from which he stole would preclude his exposure. While we regret that our circulation and name is so small as to expose us to dishonorable practices, still we are not altogether displeased that a journalist on a paper of as high standing as the *Evening Telegram* should find anything of ours so much superior to anything he could himself produce as to let it replace his own.

IN this number is concluded Dr. Rankin's valuable contribution. We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to give our readers an article of such general value, and at the same time of such peculiar interest as a memorial of Dr. Hudson.

LITERARY.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN INTERPRETER,

WITH MEMORIAL WORDS RESPECTING HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

(*Concluded.*)

A MAN must know human nature, as Shakespeare himself knew it, in order to interpret human nature in Shakespeare. As face answers to face in the water, so the heart of Shakespeare's men to the heart of real men, the world over. Even the historic characters, those that are taken bodily out of English history, are so handled; are so elevated out of the plane, where they lived and acted; are put in such positions and relations to other historic characters; have such lights and shadows falling on them, that they cannot be justified, without a philosophy respecting them, which is true to human nature. And when, as in the character of Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare seems to be untrue to history, he shows himself true to human nature; he gives us the Julius Cæsar, the conspirators thought they were conspiring against. In Rufus Lyon, George Eliot says: "We may err in giving a too private interpretation to the Scriptures. The Word of God has to satisfy the larger needs of His people, like the rain and the sunshine; which no man must think to be meant for his own patch of seed-ground solely." The very principle which makes it within the compass of the Shakespearean critic to detect the handiwork of the great dramatist, to know it from the work of any Francis Bacon, as Falstaff claimed to know the Prince, by instinct, is the principle, not alone that his style is his own; his power of phrasing thoughts, as no mere man ever before phrased them; of minting things into expressions, which bear the impress of his genius, as the coin the impress of the mint from which it falls; but that there are discoverable great laws, according to which he worked, the application of which makes his work a unit; gives it unity, like the unity of God's work in nature; and not only that, brings it into harmony with God's work in nature.

Take, for example, the madness of Hamlet and the madness of King Lear; the one, madness in certain departments of life, with relation to certain men and women; madness in certain compartments of the mind, other compartments being all the more acute; and the other, the utter wrecking of the mind, as when a ship goes to pieces among the rocks; its fragments torn apart and hurried away by every breaker. Study these instances as a physician; as a metaphysician; as a philosopher looking at man merely as a phenomenon, there is no other such work ever been done by the art of man. Do you ask "Did Shakespeare know what he was doing, as we know it?" He knew what he was doing, in the sense that it satisfied all the demands of his genius when it was done. And here is the central marvel of his power, that he did it as though he were not doing it. If Bacon wrote Shakespeare, Bacon knew what he was doing and concealed it till Ignatius Donelly came and ciphered it out. Take the struggle which went on in the mind of Hamlet's Uncle, when he tried to pray. All the theological and metaphysical disquisitions, from the days of Thomas Aquinas until now, fail of giving us a better analysis of the difference between the old man and the new man in human nature; between moral and natural necessity; between prayer, which is genuine, and prayer that is false; between God honored, and God mocked in prayer. Here was the better man trying to bring the worser man upon his knees before God; counting over, as a man counts coin out of his own hand into another man's, as the Jews purchased the innocent blood from Judas, all that it would cost, to shift back from that orbit of blackness of darkness. into which his sins had wrenched him, into the orbit of light and love and joy, where God was waiting to absolve him, and say, "Depart in peace!"

Emerson has said:

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome
> And groined the aisles of ancient Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> Himself from God he could not free;
> He builded better than he knew;
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

This is the way instinct works. It seems to impart itself to the things done, as though they were given under an unseen law. It has been well remarked by Moulton in his "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," that "It is in accordance with the order of things, that Shakespeare should produce dramas by the practical process of art-creation, and that it should be left to others, his critics succeeding him at long intervals, to discover by analysis, his purposes, and the laws which underlie his effects." The art of the swallow in making the arched walls of its nest under the eaves

of the barn; in mixing the mortar out of which it builds these walls is unconscious. The art of the bee, in building its hexagonal cells; the eclecticism of the vegetable kingdom, as it takes coveted qualities from the earth and distributes them, some to stalk, some to leaf, some to fruit, is all under law; is all done "in a sad sincerity," as if Nature could not free herself from her Creator. This is manner, in which mind creates.

Nor is Hamlet any more Hamlet than is Macbeth, Macbeth, than is Othello, Othello, Fallstaff, Fallstaff, Jacques, Jacques. Never for one moment does the man Shakespeare show himself masquerading under some other name. The conscious character grows under the hand of the unconscious Artist. And when we come to female character, that most volatile and etherial embodiment of God's image, and find the same mastery over sentiment and motives, such as sway the heart of woman; when we find a gallery of female creations as fresh and unique, as though they had been taken as Eve was, from the very ribs of humanity itself: Portia, the magnetism of whose beauty is thus expressed:

"From the four quarters of the earth they came
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint;
The Hyrcanian desert, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come to view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heav'n, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia,

Portia, a woman set there, as Mrs. Jameson expresses it, as "cotemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; while the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants and magnificos, the Rialto and the long canal, rise up before us, when we think of her;" Juliet, with all the Spring fragrance and color and freshness and fervor of a maidenhood just opening into womanhood; Juliet, dying as the flowers do, because such fragrance and color and freshness and fervor cannot be perpetuated in humanity, any more than in flowers; Juliet, "all love," as Mrs. Jameson has it: "love itself,' blending in her one self "the love, that is so chaste and dignified in Portia; so airy-delicate and fearless in Miranda; so sweetly confiding in Perdita; so playfully fond in Rosalind; so constant in Imogen; so devoted in Desdemona; so fervent in Helen; so tender in Viola; and exhaling her life for love, as the flower exhales its fragrance;" Beatrice, with a wit as penetrating as the lance of Saladin, with a tongue as sharp and ragged-edged and salt as the East-wind, straight from a watery continent of saltness; and yet, in spite of it all, womanly and capable of being wedded; and so over the whole round orb, of female possibilities. Richard Grant White says that "Shakespeare is not woman's poet." No, nor man's either. He is humanity's poet. And, God made man, male and female; and Shakespeare has depicted man, male and female. The same American critic has said that Shakespeare has written next to nothing in praise of woman; and therefore, his home-life must have been embittered by Anne Hathaway. His gallery of female portraits speaks for itself. To depict woman, as Shakespeare has done, is her highest praise. It is not praise, that woman needs of poets; it is to be portrayed, as she is. And as Bulwer has said, "a woman was the first to interpret aright" how Shakespeare had portrayed woman. It took a woman's genius to do it.

It is the German Heine, who says: "The globe is Shakespeare's unity of place; eterni y is his unity of time: and humanity his hero:" and the English Hazlitt: "It is we, who are Hamlet." Yes, and it is we, who are all the rest: Falstaff and Lear and Macbeth: Portia, Miranda, Ophelia. For, all Shakespeare's characters are representative and typical; stand ever after, as at the head of their class. Ulrici says "Goethe is, in fact, the microcosm of his own age and nation." Shakespeare is the microcosm of all ages and all nations; the poet of the æons, turning over for humanity, pages transcribed from the living tablet of the heart.

If all this is true; if there is no such thing as interpreting Shakespeare from our knowledge of himself or of his material; if, again, it is true, that he did not draw his portraits from actual models seen without, but moulded them from original materials within, as the silk-worm eats and digests fibres of leaves and makes them into silks; if the interpreter of Shakespeare's men and women is obliged to study them and make their acquaintance, just as he would study and make the acquaintance of living men and women around him; it follows, that there is no more difficult, no more eminent literary work done, than that done by the Shakesperean interpreter. Next to Shakespeare, stand the men, who best know how to interpret him. It is not strange, then, that such men as Goethe and Schlegel, as Hazlitt and Coleridge have delighted to sit at the feet of this great master. Where else should such genius sit? The work of interpreting Shakespeare besides quickening a man's best

powers has all the fascination of living among the noblest and purest ideals of humanity; while the imagination is led on from delight to delight as was the shipwrecked Ferdinand in The Tempest, by the music of Ariel; and with much the same thought:

> "Where should this music be? in the air, or the earth?
> It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
> Some god o' th' island."

It is a world of thought and life, which moves ensphered in music. There is the sense of an atmosphere of magic, like that which surrounds, as with his invisible network all the inhabitants of Prospero's island. Everything beats with Shakespearean life; and all things contribute to the triumph of his art. You are as really insulated to impressions from him as though set in mid-ocean; inarched beneath his skyey influences, you look up to the constellated handiwork, in his firmament of thought, as though the world of his magic were the only real one, as while you study him, it is.

This work of the Shakespearean interpreter, Henry Norman Hudson, the man, whom our Alma Mater mourns and honors to-day, chose as the work of his life. How real it was to him; how his whole soul was absorbed in it; how he sucked the sweetness of it, as the bee sucks the flower, may be gathered from his own words respecting the Shakespearean characters: "I have much the same life in their society, as in that of my breathing fellow-travellers; with this addition, that I know, sickness cannot wither their bloom, nor death make spoil of their sweetness;" closing with a quotation from Wordsworth, which embraces the thought of the monk, who ate his daily bread, in presence of Titian's picture of the Last Supper:

> "I not seldom gaze
> Upon this solemn company, unmoved
> By shock of circumstance or lapse of years,
> Until I cannot but believe that they,
> They are, in truth, the substance, we the shadows."

That he did his work well, may be inferred from the testimony in *The Literary World* of W. J. Rolfe, A. M., of Cambridgeport, who has chosen the same department of labor, and is authority in it, and who attributes to Mr. Hudson's lectures published in 1848, only eight years after he graduated, his own first real interest in Shakespearean study. This is what he says: "Mr. Hudson's works are, to our thinking, the best piece of æsthetic criticism on Shakespeare, that has appeared in this country: and one that will take rank with the great works of its class in English and German literature." Let us pause a moment, to take in what this means: This Cornwall boy, the son of a Cornwall farmer, in early life apprenticed to a coach-maker, attracted to the halls of Middlebury college—whose daily morning bell was to him like a trumpet call, a literary reveille—entering here at twenty-two, with an insatiable appetite for books; in addition to routine work, giving himself to the study of such books as Butler's Analogy, Plutarch's Lives, and the book next to the Bible, the great English Classic, the Works of Shakespeare; does such masterly work, as the interpreter of the great dramatist, that he is admitted into the society of the great universal man, the many-sided Goethe, of whom it has been said, that he is the greatest critic the world has produced; the dreamy-thoughted, philosophical Coleridge; the acute and epigrammatic Hazlitt. Gleaning in the same field, where they and others have been before him, he so appropriates and digests their thoughts; he so originates views of his own, that when he dies at 72, he leaves a compendium of interpretations and criticisms new and old, second, probably, to none, in completeness and suggestiveness; in delicacy and discrimination; in solidity and value; thus linking himself and his life to that which can never die.

Nor does Mr. Hudson confine himself to æsthetic criticism alone. He studies Shakespeare, inductively as hereafter he must always be studied; shows us how by the coloring of the different characters, their juxtaposition and relation they modify and relieve each other; as for example, how the character of Lady Macbeth is rendered endurable and even attractive and fascinating by the fact that she is ambitious only for her husband; that promotion is sought as domestic partnership, as we see by what is implied in the words, with which he addresses her in the letter apprising her of his meeting with the witches: "This have I thought good to to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee;" as, also, in the soliloquy of Lady Macbeth after the reception of this letter:

> "Hie thee hither,
> That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
> And chastise with the valor of my tongue,
> All that impedes thee from the golden round,
> Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
> To have thee crowned withal."

But, perhaps, a still more unusual and delicate piece

of inductive criticism, is his treatment of the character of Ophelia, and her relation to Hamlet's mother. Here is a woman, who deserves all of her son's invective, when in answer to her question, What have I done? he says:

"Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act."

And, yet, when at Ophelia's burial she talks of her disappointed hopes, we cannot help feeling tenderly toward her:

"Sweets to the sweet; farewell!
I hoped, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not to have strewed thy grave."

Says Mr. Hudson: "The queen's affection for this lovely being, is one of those unexpected strokes of art, so frequent in Shakespeare, which surprise us by their very naturalness. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the queen, was necessary, perhaps, to keep us both from misprising the influence of the one, and exaggerating the wickedness of the other. The love she thus inspires, tells us that her helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness; and so prevents the pity, which her condition moves, from lessening the respect due to her character. Almost any other author would have depicted the queen without a single alleviating trait. Shakespeare, with far more effect, as well as far more truth, exhibits her with such a mixture of good and bad, as neither disarms censure, nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences, which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss, with those whom she loves, and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of a mother, without in the least palliating the guilt of the wife; while the crimes in which she is a partner, almost disappear in those of which she is the victim."

Nor is even Mrs. Jameson more appreciative of Ophelia's character, or scrupulous about her reputation, than Mr. Hudson. This, too, is the result of inductive study. "The space," he writes, "Ophelia fills in the reader's thoughts is strangely disproportionate to that she fills in the play. Her very silence utters her; unseen, she is missed, and so thought of the more; in her absence she is virtually present, in what others bring from her. Whatever grace comes from Polonius and the queen, is of her inspiring; Laertes is scarce regarded, but as he loves his sister; of Hamlet's soul, too, she is the sunrise and morning hymn. The soul of innocence and gentleness, virtue radiates from her insensibly, as fragrance is exhaled from flowers. It is in such forms that heaven most frequently visits us."

Mr. Hudson was also a teacher as well as lecturer and author. For twenty years he gave instruction in Shakespeare to the young ladies in Gannett institute, Boston. He also taught in other schools in that region. Above the medium height, thin, wiry, with sharp and angular features; with grey eyes, keen, expressive and penetrating; with a facial expression peculiar and striking; not at all an elocutionist, he stood before his audiences and classes as if charged with a kind of electric light, burdened with a kind of volcanic energy, struggling to find exit in flashes or volumes of expression; in his own untaught and untrammeled way, by tones, emphasis and accent, gestures, contortions and gyrations, getting for himself the utterance he sought and inspiring his hearers and pupils with his own enthusiasm. If he was positive and dogmatic, it was because he had thoroughly studied every foot of ground on which he trod; because he took nothing by dictation, nothing for granted. He prescribed no routine work; he required no especial preparation on the part of his pupils. If they could sit in his presence and listen to his discussions and portrayals and subtle analyses without being moved to personal thought and study, without coming to feel with regard to the Shakespearean world that it was a real one and they were in it; that Portia and Juliet and Ophelia and Rosalind and Desdemona and Cordelia were their sister women, their companions, their teachers, whose aspirations and emulations, whose joys and sorrows they could understand, then, alas! routine work would do them no good; they were past getting anything out of text-books. He took a sincere and deep interest in the pupils he instructed; felt toward them a kind of fatherly concern, that they might get an insight into the great themes he discussed, and thus furnish themselves for

literary refreshment and education all their lives long; as though he were conferring upon them a benefit, which they would some day understand.

Other pursuits Mr. Hudson had followed. In 1849 he took deacon's orders in the Episcopal church; and from 1858–1860 he served as rector to a church in Litchfield, Connecticut. During three years he was editor of the *Church Journal*; served as chaplain to the "New York Volunteer Engineers" under General Butler, during the civil war, a part of the time under arrest; an episode which his caustic pen has duly commemorated; and for a short time was editor of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. But it may be said that he put the strength of his life into his Shakesperean studies. In 1848 he published lectures on Shakespeare, in two volumes, the work running through two editions in a single year; in 1850–'57, an edition of Shakespeare, in eleven volumes; in 1870, "School Shakespeare"; in 1872, "Life, Art and Character of Shakespeare," a work which embraces all the best results of his study in this direction; in 1881, the "Harvard Edition of Shakespeare," in ten volumes. Besides these he had published, in 1874, a volume of sermons; in 1875, a "Text-Book of Poetry"; in 1876, a "Text-Book of Prose"; in 1878, a "Classical English Reader," and at other times, "Essays on Education," "English Studies," and other works. These all give us some conception of his literary activity and capacity. It is only when we read "General Butler's Campaign on the Hudson," a brochure penned after he had been kept by that doughty general 51 days in confinement without the filing of charges, that we appreciate his power to use strong language, his keen wit, his sharp irony, his overwhelming invective. Here is a taste of it: "You, sir, were simply rioting in the abuse of military power, spurning alike at the restraints of law and the usages of humanity. I never imagined before, what it was for an honest man to find himself stripped of all legal protection, and held in the condition of an outlaw. Indeed, sir, no language of mine can fairly express to you how much I suffered during those long, dreary, dismal weeks spent in your bull-pen. May God defend you and yours, sir, from such hard-hearted and unlawful inflictions! I seemed to be left alone and helpless in the hands of a most unfeeling and vindictive man; that man had discovered himself my personal enemy; he was armed with military power; he was capable of any outrage; there was no sense of honor, no grace of manhood in him: to be mean was his pride, to be brutal was his pleasure; he was revelling in the license of assumed impunity; he allowed no law, nor anything else, to stand between me and his malice. But, much as I suffered from you, and bitter as is the remembrance of your inflictions, I shall not regret them, nay, I shall take comfort of them, provided your brutal savageness, as exercised on me, should work something toward inducing the country to scour you out of her honorable service."

For several years before his death, which occurred in Cambridge, Mass., January 16, 1886, Mr. Hudson's spirit had been mellowing and ripening for heaven. His entire manner and spirit had become changed. The Ishmaelite to some, he seemed now an Israelite to all. Dr. Gannett recalls with great pleasure and satisfaction his allusion to the old Gospels, in which they both believed, as he was bidding the doctor farewell for the Christmas holidays. He was then very feeble, but felt confident that a few weeks of rest would restore his accustomed vigor. Dr. Gannett, however, had a presentiment that his work was done, and that the evening shadows were gathering around him. The night before his death Dr. Gannett received from him the following note, written with his own hand: probably the last words he ever penned. It reads as follows: "I shall not be able to resume teaching next Tuesday. Nor can I tell when I shall; but will endeavor to let you know in due time. Dr. Marcy is to perform a very serious surgical operation upon me. God help me! And God help us all!" From the effects of the anæsthetic taken at the time of the operation, which was a difficult and delicate one upon his throat, Dr. Hudson never rallied. Thus he went to the stars; to that celestial harmony to which his spirit had been attuned on earth.

Mr. Hudson married Emily S., the daughter of the late Henry Bright, Esq., of Northampton, Mass., in 1852. She still survives him; as, also, their only child, a son, who is a merchant in Omaha, Nebraska.

Our Alma Mater has graduated many honored sons. Some of them have worn the judge's ermine; some have walked in the high places of the earth; have stood before kings. They have worn the poet's singing robes. The forum has echoed to their eloquence; the pulpit and the bar. They have borne her name and her imprint into the distant parts of the earth; their feet beautiful upon the mountains, as they have gone the heralds of the Prince of Peace. But when

one considers the kind of work he did, the quality of it and the classes for which it has been done, it is doubtful whether any of her most honored sons have ever accomplished for her what will be longer remembered, or what will rest more as an earthly benediction on humanity, than HENRY NORMAN HUDSON. In the alcoves of her library his volumes will stand forever, his best memento, his truest memorial, his most solid monument; the instruction, the inspiration and delight of all who shall resort here. It is enough for him that, as Virgil guided Dante through the realms of the under-world, bathing his face with dew, and girding his loins with a reed of patience, so he shall take by the hand and lead into the Shakespearean wonder-world, generation after generation of young men and young women, as they stand upon life's threshold, flushed with life's morning, seeking to solve life's mysteries. It is enough for her.

THE TEETH AND STOMACH.

AE day in May this verra year,
A curious wrangle I did hear.
A set o' teeth, lang used to chew
Tobacco, bullock-beef, an' stew,
Determin'd richt or wrang to ken
How much they cou'd wi safety sen'
Into the stomach.
The kitchen bell
Repeated its accustom'd knell;
An' watery keen they eager look'd
At the few victuals that were cooked.
Not half enough! Let's hae some mair,
Not half enough for students there!
Why, how d'ye think a man can study
Wi'out a well-fed drowsy body!
Impossible! Ho! Cook, we say
Let's have enough for once today.
Remember sir, we rise at five;
Then thro' the day its naught but drive,
Drive at Opticks—drive at Greek;
Go to dinner o'er the Creek:
Chop wood an hour; study; shave;
We have nae time to tell the lave.—
But sir, you see 'tis plaguy work
Thus to labour like a Turk.
Go to, we say; set out yir table;
Bring forth yir beef as fast as able.—
Electrified, the poor Cook sprang
Like Johnnie Gilpin in the sang.
Down sat the teeth resolv'd to eat
Of all an' every sort o' meat.
The stomach said: Gude sirs, I pray
Gie me nae mair ado this day.
At breakfast, ye consum'd enough
O' bread, melasses, an' sic stuff,
That really, sirs, I speak in sorrow,
'Twill serve me thawing till tomorrow.
No noise below—the teeth replied;
The stomach heard, lay still an' sigh'd.
O' beef and roots a big half pund
Were by the masticators grund.
A johnnie cake—a sonsie fellow—
That swam in butter warm an' yellow;
O' apple sauce, a heapit platefu'—
Was not sic gormandizing hatefu!
Soon disappeared; a pumpkin pie;
A sweet cake that was rather dry;
A twirl'd bun, baith broun an' greasy,
Were masticated pretty easy:
An' next a jug o' table beer
Ran down the throat to guard the rear.
It mattered not what came to hand,
If free frae motes o' hair an' sand;
All was welcome, as if forsooth,
Naught was emptier than a tooth.
Oh! Oh! my life—now cried the maw—
An' this is what I lang foresaw!
'Tis all in vain: these cursed teeth,
Will surely ane day be my death.
Three times a day. against my will,
They with a wanton malice fill
Me choke full up,wi sauce an' caudle,
Enough an elephant to maudle.
An' then the tongue will tell an' say,
Oh how my head does ache today!
Last nicht I thocht it wad hae split,
Or sent me ravin in a fit.
I coudna sleep—my heart was sair;
'Twas walking in the nightly air,
That gae me this—Ye gowks, ye lie.
Ye never blame the pumpkin pie,
The apple sauce, the buns an' cakes,
The table beer an' big beef steaks,
Ye swallow three times every day
To banish health an' ease away.
'Tis these, an' not the midnicht air
That makes yir head an' belly sair.
Thus spoke the stomach; for the teeth,
All this time lay quite out o' breath.
The Cook came in and clear'd the board,
And all things to their place restor'd;
But really sirs, I canna say
How meikle was devour'd that day.
Yet this I vouch—if tisn't blunder'd—
'Twas somethin near ae gud half hundred.

—*Philomathesian*

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'23. Hon. Harvey Button died at his residence in Wallingford Wednesday morning, October 13, after a painful illness of several weeks. He was born in the town of Clarendon, January 1, 1800. He graduated at Middlebury college in 1823, after which he read

law in Rutland and settled in the town of Wallingford in 1826. In 1832 he moved into the house on Main street, where he afterwards resided until the time of his death. Mr. Button was twice married. His first wife, Irene Miller of Middlebury, whom he married in February, 1832, died in 1844. Several children were born from this union, but only two of them, George and Ellen Button are now living. The oldest son, Harvey Button, jr., [Middlebury College '61] was a young lawyer of great promise who located in Saginaw, Mich. While East on a visit he was taken down with a fever and died in Middlebury. He left a wife and two sons, [Middlebury College '90.] Mr. Button married for his second wife Sarah Miller of Williston in October, 1848. Though she has been in feeble health many years she still survives him. Judge Button was a man who was much respected by all who knew him. In all his business relations he was honorable and trustworthy. He has represented the town several times and held the office of judge of probate for the Rutland district from 1848 to 1861. He was a prominent man in his younger days and will be greatly missed in the community. Upon receipt of the news of Judge Button's death, Judge Nicholson formally announced the event at the county court. Judge Veazey then appointed Hon. D. E. Nicholson, Hon. W. C. Dunton and Col. A. F. Walker a committee to draw up appropriate resolutions of respect in behalf of the Rutland county bar, of which Judge Button was an honored member.—*Rutland Herald.*

Dr. J. H. Hemenway, '64, Charles N. Bell '68 and A. C. Peck '80, have recently visited Middlebury.

'65. Hon. Geo. Z. Erwin has been re-elected assemblyman for the 3d district St. Lawrence Co.

'83. Samuel Sheldon has been appointed Prof. Kohlrausch's second assistant at the University of Wurzburg.

'85. George P. MacGowan is in a shipping office in New York.

Among the Townsend items in an Ayer (Mass.) paper of Saturday last is an account of the farewell address, on the previous Sunday evening, of Rev. Granville Yager, who recently came here to take the professorship of mental and moral science. After speaking of the sermon the writer says: "The words of farewell were informal and touching. The speaker was deeply moved, and many in the audience evinced unmistakable emotions of sympathy, as in well-chosen words, he briefly alluded to his labors and experiences in Townsend. Reverend R. H. Howard, Wm. E. Dwight and W. R. Tisdale participated in the services. At the close, many crowded forward to shake hands with and to utter a tearful good-bye to the retiring pastor and his family. Mr. Yager left finally on Monday morning, on the 7:25 train, followed by the earnest prayers and sincere good wishes of a host of friends. That Mr. Yager's labors on behalf of the moral and educational welfare of this community have been indefatigable and important, and by the most of our citizens, doubtless, highly valued, there can be no doubt. The schools of the town will especially feel bereaved as they come to miss the genial presence, kindly counsel, sympathetic interest and guiding hand of their late superintendent. We predict, meantime, for Professor Yager, an even larger and more pronounced success in his new and very important field of labor."—*Midd. Reg. Oct. 29.*

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Prof. Yager and family have moved into the President's house.

The Juniors have finished Logic and will take up German under Prof. Eaton.

The Hawthorne Club met for the first time this winter at Prof. Wright's Tuesday, Nov. 2d.

President Brainerd and Prof. Scott attended the 250th anniversary of Harvard College.

The Seniors finish Zoology in a few days and will take up Political Economy under Prof. Yager.

The room opposite the Brown Study is being fitted up in a very nice manner for the use of the Y. M. C. A.

Prof. in Physics to Spoony Junior. What is heat?

S. Junior. Rapid *osculation* of the material particles.

The young ladies of the college assisted by Mrs. Prof. Eaton recently gave a very enjoyable reception at the "Brown Study."

The College Quartette sang two selections at the Musicale given at the chapel of the Episcopal Church and were very favorably received.

Seven of the young ladies of the village have formed a cooking club. Miss Edgerton has given a supper

and Miss Chapman a dinner, and others will follow once in two weeks.

'Twas night. The moon shone peacefully on the silent campus, and

> "Silently one by one from the infinite meadows of heaven
> Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

The college seemed deserted, for that noisy and lawless crowd of Freshmen had taken their best girls and gone to a pea-nut drunk at Sylvia's. We said the college seemed deserted; but no, suddenly a racket was heard in one of the Sophomore's rooms, and soon dark forms were seen to issue from the rear of Starr Hall, and silently wend their way towards the scene of festivities. Gallantly they charged up the hill and soon surrounded the house. Without, the moon and stars shone peacefully as ever, unmindful of the dark deeds soon to be perpetrated. Within,

> There was a sound of revelry by night;
> And Sylvia's house had gathered then
> Its beauty, and its chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair co-eds and brave Freshmen,
> A hundred hearts beat happily, and when
> The pea-nuts and pop-corn were served so well,
> Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,
> And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
> But hush, hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell;
> [For the Sophomores without were tooting like ——]

All was confusion, and the fair Co-eds clung to the necks of their frightened Freshmen and with tears in their eyes besought them not to risk their dear forms on the field of battle. Some of the Co-eds, more imprudent than the rest, sallied out to put an end to the attack; but soon returned disgusted and indignant. Then the Freshmen, spurred on by the thought of future ridicule, rushed forth and transferred the scene of revelry to the plowed field. Soon Doug's pants hung in graceful folds around his classic form, and the rest of the Sophs, guarded by four or five Freshmen, were inspecting the nature of the loam. Far out of the reach of bullets Cushman, the commanding general of the Sophomore forces, stood on an eminence and with a majestic wave of his hand confidentially told two upper classmen that they were having a "h–ll of a fight over there." The Sophomores withdrew their forces from the field, and the Freshmen returned to the house bearing their wounded, who received with due meekness the condolences of the fair sex.

P. S.—The order of the day between the Co-eds and the Sophomores: "We never speak as we pass by."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Bates College receives a bequest of $60,000 or $70,000.

American students of art at Munich are increasing in number. There are now over 100 there.

The trustees of Cornell University have rescinded their action which permitted the conferring of honorary degreees.

Junior Ex. has already been held at the University of the Pacific. The change in time from Spring to Fall seems to have met with success.

The Sophomores showed their attitude towards the new arrangement for Biblicals by cutting the subject almost *en masse* last week.—*The Dartmouth.*

The magnificent stone building of the Case School of Applied Sciences at Cleveland, O., which was completed and opened about a year ago, at a cost of $200,000, was burned Oct. 27.

The great Pi Eta Society of Harvard College which has been a power in the class day elections for some years past, has been pushed aside this year by the small but aristocratic Hasty Pudding, which has gained all the members of the class committee, and some other important officers.

The following item from *The College Argus* shows that we are not the only college visited by the summer wanderers: "The beggars of cast-off garments have been making their annual rounds. Two of them have been haunting the college during the last week. While the senior English literature class were reciting on Tuesday there came a soft knock. When the door was opened the class was quite electrified to hear a small urchin ask the Professor, "Got any old pants?"

The number of students in the various classes at Harvard College, as announced Oct. 27th was: Seniors 240; juniors, 238; sophomores, 225; freshmen, 279. This is the largest freshman class, the previous highest number having been 263 in the class of 1884. The total in the Collegiate Department is 982, against 958 last year. There are 95 special students, making the grand total 1,077. Of these 339 are from Boston and vicinity, 216 from Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, 138 from New York, including 70 from New York City.

In his annual report President Barnard, of Columbia College, says concerning the gradual change in the average age of entrance into Columbia: "About the

year 1800 graduation was frequent at ages much below that at which under existing statutes it is allowable for a boy to enter as a Freshman. One alumnus appears in our list of the class of 1758, whose printed biography states that he was born September 1st. 1749. Unless there is some error here, this was probably the youngest graduate ever invested with the baccalaureate in an American college."

Russia, as little as Prussia, favors the higher education of women. A recent decree, promulgated on this subject, reads as follows: "On the basis of an examination, made by a special committee appointed by the Department of Public Instruction, in reference to the merits of the question concerning the higher education of woman, the Department of Public Instruction considers it necessary to order the discontinuance of the reception of women as students as this is now the custom in the higher courses for women under the control of the department." This, of course, excludes all women from the universities. Hitherto many Russian ladies have been studying at foreign universities, especially at Zurich, in Switzerland. Medicine was their favorite department.

EXCHANGES.

Vice-Chancellor MacCracken's address before the alumni of N. Y. U. is published in full in the *University Quarterly*. He quotes the following from the *Andover Review* on Boards of Trustees: "Boards of Trustees are often criticised for their conservatism. Doubtless this criticism is sometimes a just one, but it must be remembered that they do not represent the aggressive, originating, inventive element in college administration. We must look elsewhere for this element. * * * From the nature of the case all schemes for the internal development and educational advance of a college must originate with the president and the faculties. Trustees can modify plans, adjust difficulties, and, if necessary, exercise their absolute veto power, but they are seldom competent to originate. They are not experts. They are not educators. They are custodians of funds, the responsible agents of the corporators, the personal if not the official, representatives of the alumni and the general managers of the college." This is advice good for all corporations and especially for the Trustees of Middlebury. All the row two years ago would have been averted concerning the establishment of the Latin Scientific course, if they had remembered that the faculty knew better than they, what work the institution could then do with the means they had to do with.

Tne University Herald devotes a page or two to local society notes, including the fall elections. In this way the society alumni keep up their interest in their chapters better, and in many cases in their Alma Mater. Besides, all Greek letter men are interested in society news.

The Fortnight replies to the charges made by the *Orient* and emphatically denies them. If the charges are false, the *Orient* has certainly stepped beyond the limits of propriety in college journalism. If true, Williams has established a precedent that in time will greatly diminish the interest in base ball among our colleges.

Again the *News Letter* fills most of its literary department with an article from the "Recreation" and another on secret societies. The *News* editors should form themselves into a publishing company and publish a work on Fraternities to be sold by agents only—and those themselves. With such a work, together with the "Story of the Bible," surely they would make their fortunes.

We gladly notice among our new exchanges the *Princetonian*—a newsy sheet, published tri-weekly; The Ballou College *Journal*, containing a sketch of Georgetown College, with illustrations; *The Chironian*, with a neat and artistic cover; also we notice the *Beacon* and *The Vermont Academy Life*.

SPORTING.

The record for throwing the 12-pound hammer has again been beaten, Callanach throwing it 125 feet 8 1-2 inches.

Harvard's 'varsity eleven celebrated the 250th anniversary by defeating Wesleyan in the first intercollegiate championship game by a score of 34 to 0.

Yale's famous pitcher for 1883, Jones, has entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and will probably pitch in the University team of '87.

The Freshmen classes in both departments of Yale College met Nov. 9 and unanimously voted to challenge Harvard Freshmen to an eight-oared race on the Thames next June, and to raise $1,400 for the purchase of a new shell and the support of the crew.

The first game for the championship of the Northern Foot Ball League was played Nov. 6th at Williamstown. Williams college, 33 ; Tufts, 4.

Sherrill, '89, broke the Yale record for 220 yards, making that distance 22 2-5 seconds. The previous record of 22 3-5 seconds was held by H. S. Brooks, '86.

The Harvard-U. of Pa. foot-ball game will be played Thanksgiving Day morning. After the game a special train will be run to Princeton to carry spectators to the Yale-Princeton contest in the afternoon.

A member of a western college recently shot a student who was one of a party of serenaders. College professors are beginning to feel revolutionary. They have been crushed so long that they are growing desperate. The college faculty in these days needs the protection of a Gatling gun.

REVIEWS.

In the November *Century* appears the first of the much heralded life of Abraham Lincoln by his secretaries, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. The publishers' advertisement of this feature of their magazine for the coming year has promised something authentic and complete. This prospectus is so well realized in the elaborateness with which the biography starts out as to make its appearance formidable. Lincoln's antecedents, several generations back, are presented in such detail that one cannot but be apprehensive of the voluminousness to which they must lead up in the history of the hero himself. The illustrations are very full, including a portrait of Daniel Boone, who is brought in by the association with him of the grandfather of the President as a Kentucky pioneer, and portraits of others whom Mr. Lincoln's reflected fame is responsible for bringing to light from the obscurity of way-back town annals, and who look timidly and reproachfully at their sudden publicity out of these illustrious pages. Aside from a multiplicity of dry facts irrelevant enough to detract from the interest in the main history, this first chapter is entertaining reading. This month's installment of the "Minister's Charge" is a standing refutation of the critics who make sport over the trivialness of Mr. Howells' realism and whose slings and arrows glance off harmlessly from the proof of the author's unconscious self-sufficiency in his devotion to his art. In these few pages, in easily shifting situations, half a dozen characters are successively reintroduced whose speeches and actions, though on commonplace occasion enough, are as invariably interesting as their characters are clear-cut and individual. Perhaps the hero himself is the greatest exception among these, but the author has chosen to put him under conditions that do not make his figure attractive. A word ought to be said for the boy ; Mr. Howells seems to have chosen to make him a second-rate Hamlet, putting upon him an action and responsibility greater than he can discharge with equanimity. In resolving the unhappy complication of his hero's affections, Mr. Howells has seized the only horn of the dilemma practicable out of consideration for his readers. Statira's cough, which has grown gradually more conspicuous up to the climax of the hemorrhage, is the *deus ex machina* to deliver Lemuel from associations which he has risen above and from the hands of Miranda Grier, the faithful protectress of Statira holding him with unfeeling cogency to a love he has outgrown, and from poor, foolish Statira's attachment which he does not find it in his heart to break away from or respond to. One cannot but hope that things will go more smoothly henceforth for Lemuel, and one looks forward the more pleasurably to taking up the story again with this unhappy affair disposed of. Next in order is the first of a paper to be concluded next month entitled "Old Chelsea," by Benjamin Ellis Martin, which opens up one of the ramifications of London history, that inexhaustible storehouse of reminiscences, pretty freely drawn upon. "The Fate of a Voice," a much above the average story, by Mary Halleck Foote, follows. In this number Frank Stockton begins a new story, "The Hundredth Man."

The November *Lippincott* marks an innovation in magazine management. The last half of this number, nearly a hundred pages, is taken up by a complete story, "Brueton's Bayou," by the author of "Helen's Babies." A complete story from some popular writer is to accompany each issue hereafter. The rest of the November number is pretty much devoted to newspaperism. There is a story, "A Newspaper Affair," an article entitled "Newspaperism," a very powerfully written attack on the *morale* of journalism of to-day, and contributions from George Alfred Townsend and other well-known journalists.

SOME COLLEGE LYRICS.

A CHALLENGE.

"GOOD-NIGHT," he said, and he held her hand,
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cool, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perchance"—and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heart-strings smote
As she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
Of dust from his coat lapel;
So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
'Twas a wonder she saw so well;

But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought unspoken was made quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-night."

—J. C. Harvey, '81, in Outing.

THE KISS.

THE fault was mine! Excuse was vain!
Nor thought I pardon to obtain.
Prompted by love or fate—who knows?
I asked her for a blushing rose—
"'Tis thine," she sighed, in lightsome vein.

In kindness she did not disdain
To pin it on my coat. Insane
I bent and kissed her on the lip—
The fault was mine!

The crimson flushed her cheek amain,
What could I do? Oft and again
I begged forgiveness for the slip
Of kissing her upon the lip.
She whispered, "Nay, 'tis very plain
The fault was mine!"

—Advocate.

MIDSUMMER.

HOW sadly sweet these lingering days
Of close-cropped meads and yellow stubble fields
And tasseled corn that rustling yields
The zephyrs, homage. Soft the purple haze
Is sleeping on the distant hill;
The murmurous mazy music of the rill,
The robin's half-hushed trill,
The cat-bird calling shrill,
His mate a swaying in the alders there
Are all the sounds that stir the silent air;
How sadly sweet the lingering days
Of yellow field and purple haze. *—Nassau Lit.*

HER GLOVE.

'TIS hers! O torn and yellow glove,
Which once upon my pretty love
Was fair to see,
I wonder not you clung so close,
And could not from her fingers loose,
But there would be,

And now that you are old and torn,
And are no longer by her worn,
So sad do seem.
Ah me, I would that I might hold
Her hand, as close as you of old,
Though, like you, mean.

And yes, I would that I had known,
Like you, her breath upon me blown,
In winter's cold,
Or would that I had felt the touch
Of her light fingers, showing much
Of dainty mold.

And now that you aside are flung,
Cast off, the careless crowd among,
O ragged glove,
I'll call you mine, and you shall be
A treasure, which shall speak to me,
Of my sweet love.

—E. J. I. in Fortnight.

A BUST OF HOMER.

THOSE mute lips once were voiceful. To thy words
The eager throng in trembling rapture clung,
Deeming more rare the accents of thy tongue
Than breath of roses or the song of birds.
Still stood the wheel, the youth forsook his herds,
Within the shops the apron idly hung;
While cheeks grew wet, or light-winged laughter rung
From hearts that knew it not till afterwards.

All silent now, that wondrous voice of thine!
And they, thy listeners, have followed thee
Into the shadowy vale of Proserpine.
But through the souls of men unceasingly
Surges the music of thy song divine
Like distant echoes from the sounding sea.

—Advocate.

FROM CATULIUS.

LIFE and love be ours, my sweet,
Careless we of carping age,
Laughing at its warnings sage.
Suns that die will rise again;
All too soon will fade our light,
Then come sleep and endless night.
So a thousand kisses give,
Then a second thousand more,
Ever adding to the score
Hundreds, thousands, (come, my love!)
Then, lest envy know our bliss.
Let's forget how oft we kiss. *—Varsity.*

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